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Half a Dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

ADALBERT GYROWETZ.

(Continued from page 99.)

CHAPTER IX.

His last year in London.—"Semiramis" in flames.—Out of health, and journey home.—How he gets into Brussels.—Entrance of Dumouriez's army.—Much talk with Captain Bonaparte.—Returns to Paris.—The National Convention.—Marat.

For a new Italian opera house, called the Odeon, Gyrowetz received an order to compose "Semiramis." Borghi was vice-director, Mad. Mara—the possessor no doubt of the most wonderful voice which has been heard in a theatre for more than a century—was the prima donna, and Pacchierotti was first tenor. It was no small honor to him to be employed to write for such singers. In concert with the performers, with whom he communicated freely, and whom he labored to please, the opera was written, studied, and finally the last grand rehearsal took place. Next day the new opera was to be performed, and score, parts, instruments—every thing was left in the house. The rehearsal had hardly been over an hour, when an alarm of fire was sounded. The new theatre was in a few minutes in flames, and with all its contents was reduced to ashes. The fire was supposed to be the work of an incendiary acting in the interest of the other Italian opera. [Was this the fire to which Haydn refers in his diary? He however calls the theatre the "Pantheon," and gives the date January 14th, 1792. I think not, but have no means of deciding.] This was a severe blow to the composer, inasmuch as he lost all the advantages which would have accrued, in case the opera had proved a success, as he had reason to believe from its reception by the performers and by those present at the rehearsals. Pecuniarily, save the loss of his manuscript, he was not a sufferer, for Lord Bedford, the real owner of the theatre, paid him his £300. Bedford, to his credit, paid the instrumental performers the cost of their instruments, and suffered none connected with the theatre to be losers.

Among the notes of his third year in London, one relates to his failing health aggravated by the loss of his opera; another, to a second invitation to the Lord Mayor's dinner, where he again talked with Fox upon music and other topics; a third is upon his concert in the Hanover Square rooms, given by the advice of friends, for which he composed several new pieces, and by which he made a handsome sum; and finally upon the state of his health again, which forced him, by advice of the physicians, to seek his native climate, from which he had now been absent seven years.

The story of his journey is interesting enough to be worthy of a full translation—which is as follows:—

The journey was *via* Dover, where he spent a few days to rest, and conquer the pain which

parting from London caused him,—a city in which he had received such honors, and where he had left so many good and noble friends. There were at this time in Dover several French emigrants, who also had the intention of crossing over to the Continent, and who, learning Gyrowetz's plan, proposed to make the passage with him at common cost. He accepted and a skipper was found, with whom the price for the passage was agreed upon. The captain said his vessel was outside the harbor, and came with a boat to take them and their effects out to her. On leaving the harbor, the captain hallooed to a vessel lying outside, to run down and take his passengers. No notice was taken of his call; after a time he hailed her again with the like result. The passengers, however, noticed that he himself kept on his course directly for the French coast, and the very natural suspicion arose, that his hailing was but a ruse, that he was a traitor, and intended to deliver them into the hands of the French revolutionary authorities. The passengers drew their pistols and ordered the captain to return immediately to Dover, which, with all due cursing and swearing, he finally did. It was midnight when they landed; all the inns were closed, and they were forced to spend the night in the open air. Next day another vessel was hired, and at nine o'clock A. M. they sailed again. The weather was fine; the surface of the sea was covered with herring, swimming and playing about, shining and sparkling in the sun. At midnight they reached Ostende, where a coach and four post horses were hired to take them on to Brussels. The offer was again made to Gyrowetz to join the party, which he accepted, and, *via* Bruges and Ghent, they reached the city gates of Brussels the next midnight. The gate was closed and entrance into the city was denied them. One of the passengers then wrote a few words with a pencil upon a bit of paper, and handed it to the sentinel with a request to take it to the commander of the garrison and await an answer. In a few minutes the man returned—the gate was at once opened—and Gyrowetz overwhelmed with curiosity to know who his fellow travellers were. But he could learn nothing. So they drove into the city and sought an inn in which they might tarry; they drove from street to street; nobody would open his doors. They offered a ducat per person, for the mere privilege of coming under a roof, for it was now November, the night was cold and windy, and snow was beginning to fall. But all was in vain. Under these circumstances, the policeman who had accompanied them, said he would enquire at the office, if they might not possibly get a room for the night there? The application was made, and a small room, probably a lock-up, full of dirt and dust, was opened, where they turned in, it saving them at all events from spending the night in the open air. For these miserable quarters they had to pay a thaler apiece, as drink money. When morning came they all left their wretched hole, and sought decent lodgings. Gyrowetz found a

handsome room in the hotel d'Etoile, and engaged it. After getting his baggage thither, he dressed himself properly and went out about noon into the park, where the fashionable world of Brussels usually assembled. While rambling about, he came across a crowd, which was staring at a group of fine-looking officers with epaulettes, accompanied by people of rank, all on horseback, who treated the officers with the most marked distinction. Gyrowetz drew near, looked at the strangers, and how great was his astonishment to see in them his travelling companions!

"And who are those officers?" he inquired.

"The Duke of Berry and two members of his family!" was the reply. "who have emigrated in consequence of the revolution." He understood now why at midnight the gates of Brussels were so instantly opened to them. It was, however, the last time he ever saw his fellow travellers.

Gyrowetz's desire was to set out immediately for home, but all the post horses were taken by French emigrés, at enormous prices, and he was compelled to remain in Brussels and await events.

The grand French army under Dumouriez, was already on the confines of the Low Countries, not far from Mons, where the Austrian army of 25,000 men stood, where they had thrown up strong defences and bulwarks, and where a few days later a severe battle was fought. In this conflict the French, through their immense superiority in numbers, 300,000 men (?), and after monstrous loss of life—they actually piled up their dead, and used their dead bodies to enable them to scale the Austrian defences—forced the Austrians to retire. The thunder of the cannon could distinctly be heard in Brussels, and the people there could perceive it drawing nearer and nearer the city, until next day the enemy was hard by; the Austrians continually retreating, but obstinately fighting—a sight plainly to be seen from the city walls, where thousands of spectators were posted. Gyrowetz had the temerity to go out of the city with the "Jaeger" (Austrian riflemen), who had been commanded to impede the French flying artillery by their fire. He was advised, the moment he saw a French artilleryist applying his match, to throw himself prostrate, that the ball might pass harmlessly over him; this he did, but soon was ordered to go back to the city with all haste—which he also did, and there from the walls watched the progress of the battle.

The rear guard of the Austrians was composed of a regiment of Hussars in green uniforms, who were drawn up in a triangle near the gate of the city, and the spectators saw many a one, hit by a ball, fall from his horse; and how many a red hot shot was thrown upon the roofs in the town, until at length an armistice was proclaimed, and in the evening the city capitulated—the articles being agreed upon in the very gates. By this capitulation the Austrians were to be allowed to leave the city unhindered on the following morning, and the French march in and take possession.

Next morning, as the Austrian army marched out, notwithstanding strict orders to the contrary, the soldiers plundered the magazines and sold the stores for a song to the citizens. This Gyrowetz had to look upon and hold his peace. And so he saw the army of his Emperor retreating to Clairfait, and the entire army of Dumouriez advancing. Now came the quartering of the forces, and he had to receive several French officers into his own room; but they were all men of culture and good manners, and behaved towards him with kindness and consideration. In this hotel was a table d'hôte, to which many officers came, one of whom, learning that Gyrowetz was a German, took a place near, and during the dinner had much conversation with him. After dinner, the officers gathered into a group, and conversed apparently upon military topics. Gyrowetz's new acquaintance stood in the midst and the others heard him with marked attention, though several were evidently of higher rank than he. The composer learned afterwards that of those officers some were colonels and others of still higher grades, among them Kleber, St. Cyr, Sieyes, &c., and that his friend was a captain, named—Bonaparte. Next day the same party was again at dinner. Bonaparte conversed much with Gyrowetz, and seemed to him to hint at his entering the French military service, a suggestion which he looked upon as a mere joke, and thought no more of it. The next day, the same thing again and with the like result. In the course of this day, a well-dressed young woman entered Gyrowetz's room, where he was alone, and told him she was in the greatest difficulty, that she was expecting daily the arrival of her uncle, a General, who would furnish her with money; but at this moment she was in the utmost need of three Louis d'ors, which she would repay—if he would lend them—immediately upon the arrival of the General. As he was in funds, he gave her the sum requested, never expecting to hear from it again, although the young woman seemed to be no common person. Enough—she received the money, departed with grateful looks, and Gyrowetz thought no more of it.

Again, the next day at table, the same topic was broached, and this time Gyrowetz was plainly asked if he would not enter the French service as an officer. He excused himself on the ground that he was but an artist, and had never paid any attention to arms. Bonaparte answered quickly. "O you will soon learn that; think over the matter, and after dinner come with me, and we will see how the soldiers are amusing themselves in the public houses [*"Salen"*—dance houses?] and to-morrow talk about it."

They visited various halls—but what sights! what disgusts, as they saw the soldiers publicly guilty of the most scandalous and unheard of conduct, at which Bonaparte was enraged to the highest pitch, and said to Gyrowetz: "See these wretched, abominable men, these monsters! Ah, this must soon be different—this state of things cannot and shall not last." From which Gyrowetz might infer that Bonaparte was by no means a bad, but a good, moral man, whose aim was the improvement of mankind! And so they separated for the time.

The evening Gyrowetz spent in the theatre, where French operettas were pretty well given. The orchestra was also good. In the churches, too, the music was good—not better even in

Paris—and here also the boys' clear, true voices were especially noteworthy.

Once more at dinner, and this time seriously and urgently, the effort was made to induce Gyrowetz to enter the French army. After giving the usual excuses in vain, he finally told them, that all their persuasions would be without result, for he would never serve against his native land, nor take up arms against it. This closed the topic, and Bonaparte never mentioned it again.

In the afternoon, the young woman, quite unexpectedly to Gyrowetz, came and returned the three Louis d'ors, with hearty thanks. Taking all the circumstances into account, he came to the conclusion, that this was merely a means adopted to try his character, and perhaps, we may add, to learn his pecuniary condition.

It was natural that the composer should now have a strong desire to know more about this Captain Bonaparte, and what he really was—more especially, because daily after dinner he was surrounded by a group of officers higher in rank than himself, to whom his demeanor was that of a superior, and who listened to him always with marked attention. He therefore applied to Col. Kleber (who was afterwards commander-in-chief in Egypt, and there assassinated) and requested an explanation. Kleber's answer was: "You will very soon hear very great things of this young man!"

Soon after this, Bonaparte was recalled to Paris, thence sent to command at Toulon, where he began the career which ended in the Empire.

At length Dumouriez's army moved on in pursuit of the Austrians, and Gyrowetz was forced still to remain in Brussels, where he saw the entire French army on its march. Its bands were then very bad, but improved afterwards, under the influence of the German music corps. All the roads leading to Germany being now closed by hostile armies, Gyrowetz concluded to return to Paris rather than remain in Brussels.

In Paris he was received by Imbeault with all kindness, and received at once an order for several new symphonies. He lodged in the hotel Bauvois, in the Rue St. Antoine, near the place Victoire, where several members of the National Convention had quarters, and as they dined at a table d'hôte, he became well acquainted with them. From them he often received tickets to the Hall of the Deputies, and was impressed particularly with the tumult and confusion which reigned there; one deputy would pull another down into his seat by his coat tail that he might get the floor, and yet, when he succeeded, it was rare that he could find a listener, the voice being drowned by the uproar. Only when Marat, then considered the finest speaker, arose, was there universal stillness. He was a small, insignificant looking man, spoke very slowly and distinctly, but with a very loud voice. Business was often interrupted by reports from the army, or by the presentation of trophies—colors, guns and other things—which were received with tumultuous shouts. Good news from the army was immediately proclaimed by beat of drum, and the enthusiasm of the young men so aroused as to bring them in troops to the enlisting stations, to such a degree, that sometimes the directors of the theatres were without actors, and their houses had to be closed—all were gone off into the army.

CHAPTER X.

Music and Theatres in Paris in the first years of the Revolution.—Gluck and Cherubini to empty houses.—The Many-headed Tyrant and its Artists.

Gyrowetz's reminiscences of his two visits to Paris became much confused in the old gentleman's mind. Why not, after so many years!—hence those in relation to the theatres and music, so far as they can be of interest now, are here brought together. They are of interest as aiding us to form a picture of those strange times in Paris, 1789-92, when the Revolutionary day of storms was just gloomily breaking.

The Grand Opera he found with a good company but small audiences, owing to the fact, no doubt, that those of higher classes, still in Paris, who had supported it, were not in a state of mind to attend to operas. Gluck's "Iphigenie in Aulis" was given one evening to an empty house. In those day's Gluck's operas were given once annually, in honor of the great master's memory.

There were at that time thirty-three theatres, great and small, open daily in Paris; and in all of them, after the performance, the *Marseillaise* and other national songs in the spirit of the time were struck up by the orchestras, and sung with such enthusiasm and exaltation by the audiences, or rather roared out with such rage and animosity, that no description can convey an idea of it.

Singers and members of the orchestra enlisted, so that performances were often prevented, and other performers had to be sought at any price. One evening the opera "*Le marechal ferrant*" was given at the Palais Royal, in which one of these substituted tenors had the leading part. He displeased the audience, which began to be noisy, but consented, at the appeal of the director, to hear the second air, which pleased still less. The audience began now to rage and roar—the curtain was dropped, the director was called out and asked, where the other tenor was? He apologized, stating that he was at that moment doing sentinel's duty as a soldier of the National Guard. The audience shouted in reply: "Send for him at once, and go on with the opera." This was done, the singer was sent for, and the opera began again from the beginning.

Gyrowetz was also present in one of the theatres, when the celebrated dancer, Vestris, excused himself from performing in the ballet "*Psyche*" on plea of illness. He was so stormily demanded by the audience as to be forced to come forward, ask pardon, and perform his part. Such occurrences were not uncommon. The artists had to treat their audiences with the greatest respect and delicacy; but on the other hand, the public delighted to be kind and attentive to the real artist, who was sure to be treated with due respect and distinction.

Imbeault took Gyrowetz one evening to the Theatre Feydeau, to hear the second performance of a new opera, "*Lodoiska*," by Cherubini, [given the first time July 18, 1791]. He was astonished to find the house empty on occasion of a work by so distinguished a master,—beautiful as it was, the opera did not please. But Paris was at that time not in the mood for the higher music; the people of wealth and rank had fled, and the lower classes cared for little else than revolutionary songs. Gyrowetz, by advice of his friends, upon reaching Paris the first time, burned the letters of introduction which had been given him in Rome, Naples, Milan and Genoa, to the first Parisian families, for fear of being compromised.

He found thieves also in Paris; for one evening in the Theatre Italien, he was robbed of his pocket-book containing 600 francs in assignats, which was not so bad as the loss of various souvenirs of his London friends, which were in it. His letters of credit he had luckily left in the care of Imbeault.

(To be Continued.)

Adolph Friedrich Hesse.

On the 5th of August died one of the leading musicians of the age, namely Adolph Friedrich Hesse. He was born on the 30th of August, 1809. The loss suffered by the noble art of music—a loss so severe at the present moment—will be more felt than it is now in Breslau, when people find what a vacancy has been left by his decease. During the last twenty or thirty years, Breslau has achieved a certain reputation as a music-loving city. It was always fond of art; for a time, the drama flourished here; painting too, was fairly represented, but no muse can boast of ever having been honored in the same degree as that of music, both inspired and uninspired, is honored at present by the general public as well as by more exclusive circles. There is no doubt that the special attention devoted to it by the initiated is owing to the exertions of certain gifted individuals, who imparted a great and varied impulse to it. Hesse represented artistic merit of the first rank. Something of his fame was reflected upon Breslau, and every inhabitant had reason to be proud of calling him a fellow townsman. Great as was the effort which it cost him to do so, he came forward as a public man, commanding, at various important performances, and at the admirable concerts of the orchestra of the theatre, the musicians by his unflinching and particularly quick ear, and ruling, by his strong energy, the audience. In this respect his loss will long be irreparable for us; for it will be some time before any one else will direct, with such decision, the taste of his auditory, and ensure their respect in virtue of the power proceeding from an artistic reputation. When Hesse appeared at the conductor's desk, he appeared as a master who was not only supreme in the realms of tune, but, by a glance, reduced the heaving mass beneath him to dumb attention. It was evident that his whole heart and soul were absorbed in the task of conducting, and that every fibre in his body took part in it. Perhaps the superhuman exertions in which all his faculties, mental and physical, were concentrated, produced, unobserved, the disease which the quick eye of the physician recognized as an affection of the valves of the heart, but which, considering Hesse's mild and kind disposition, as well as his calmly contented, nay, happy life, no one else would ever have supposed attended with danger.

Fortune, indeed, had been kind to Hesse, not because he could boast of numerous works of distinction; not because he was esteemed and respected, far beyond the boundaries of his native land; not because he had, on the whole, achieved with ease an agreeable position, free from care, but rather because, all through his life, he enjoyed a certain degree of independence, which is always the best guarantee of a contented existence. His career was, so to say, marked out for him from his childhood; he had not to make a choice, and thus he was subject to no pang with regard to his vocation. He found what he ought to do prescribed for him, and, as a person properly brought up, and who has sought the company of good and strict masters, he always did his duty as laid down for him. His zealous love of music never allowed his activity to cool, and the very fact that he first devoted his attention to sacred music preserved him, at an early age, from all vagabondizing virtuosity, and rendered him a serious man, true to his duty, who consistently pursued his course, never allowing himself to stray from it, and fearing only one thing: that he would not come up to the expectations which people were justified in forming of him. His physical qualities often helped to facilitate the severe exertions to which he subjected himself,

although he may not always have been successful, when, instead of a worthy successor of Handel and Bach, people would have preferred a French operatic composer or a concert virtuoso. Many an anecdote of Hesse's life proves this, and among others, the anecdote connected with his stay in Darmstadt, when he could not prevail upon the distinguished musical amateur, Ludwig of Hesse-Darmstadt, who conducted his Grand Ducal Orchestra himself, to "listen to the rumbling on the organ." On the other hand, he did not lack triumphs by which he caused German music, in all its simplicity, severity and loftiness, to be highly appreciated.

For the large build of the organ, and its management, Hesse's person appeared to have been expressly made; here, in his own element, he displayed a higher flight of the imagination, and that immediate inspiration, the property of genius alone, in a higher degree, than most of his colleagues. He did a great deal, also, it is true, upon the piano, but he was most anxiously desirous of reproducing truthfully and intelligibly masterpieces, and, with too much modesty, mistrusted his own powers. He was an admirable teacher of this instrument, and, what is more, a concert-player who could perform before the most select audience; the certainty of his touch and the purity of his intonation; the clearness of his style and the ease with which he surmounted the greatest difficulties, were always admired both before and after Liszt had been here. But he was far from falling into all the system of grumicing patronized by modern pianoforte romanticists, and however much people might have been inclined to suppose, from his bodily formation, that he would have stormed away upon the piano, working simultaneously with hands and feet, he was no friend of mere brute force upon the instrument, which was entirely subjected to him. People listened with delighted astonishment, when he executed, as no other person could execute, with incomparable delicacy, the most graceful passages, the gentlest *adagios*, the softest emotions, full of sweet and melting sentiment. Even in his compositions, he is never untrue to this gracefulness, gentleness and softness; these compositions possess the elegiac character of Spohr's works, subsiding completely into and playing with the melody; they are, in the highest degree artistically worked out, and the most learned master, the strictest contrapuntist will not find the slightest thing to which he can object in them. They are deficient, however, in elevation of ideas, soaring towards Heaven and carrying the hearer with them; but then such flights are to be found only in a Beethoven and a Mozart, to whom our modest contemporary could not rise. He was only too happy when he could listen to their heavenly strains. How often has he said to us, after hearing some modern opera: "What a difference between this and *Fidelio*! in the latter we have elevation in, and with, simplicity, while in this what useless and repulsive ostentation!" He was an enthusiastic admirer, also, of Weber and Haydn, as heroes of genuine German music, although he was by no means intolerant with regard to composers with modern and foreign tendencies.

It was, perhaps, in consequence of the circumstances and temperament of Hesse, that he never rose, when creating, to heroic enthusiasm. As we have already remarked above, he was a man of a jovial and kind nature, a Silesian, a Breslauer in the fullest acceptance of the word, who clings to the place where he was born, does not willingly leave home, and makes himself comfortable wherever he is. This is not a reproach for Hesse. No one can struggle against his nature, and Hesse was one of those who do not leave the place of their birth. With a little exertion and a greater amount of ambition, it would have been an easy thing for him to take a leading position in the first cities of Europe; he contented himself with giving music-lessons in Breslau, and his greatest delight was, if he did get out of the "precious hole," to collect laurel wreaths in other parts, and depose them on the altar of his darling Silesian home. We can only feel grateful to him for this. Who would not have liked

to read the accounts of his travels to Paris, London, Prague, etc., in which he would not have related his triumphs, but rather recorded what he had observed, as though no homage had been paid to himself, but as if he had gone forth in the service of his mistress, the muse of music, to make the world again acquainted with the magic of old compositions, and strew flowers upon the graves of the heroes from whom he had learned his beautiful art, and to whom he was attached with child-like reverence, another mark of his genuine Silesian character. Though his external appearance promised nothing of the kind, he was a pleasant and joyous companion.

But there is still one fact wanting to complete this description of his character, and that is his literary productions, in which Hesse, far superior in this respect to many others, exhibited a mind embracing the entire range of music. Editors know how carefully and how scrupulously he wrote his criticisms. The latter were mild in tone, but full of sterling thoughts, if not always polished in form. Whenever an artist appeared, Hesse was always willing and ready to act as a living mediator, by means of criticism, between him and the public. When Hesse had spoken, that was sufficient to enable the public to form its opinion.—*Leipz. Mus. World (from the Breslauer Zeitung).*

Letters of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

(From the second volume of his correspondence just published.)

TO HIS FAMILY.

Leipzig, the 6th October, 1835.

I have been attempting for the last week to find an hour's leisure to answer and thank you for the dear letters I have received from you, but the days I passed in London were not worse, with all their distractions, than has been the period since Fanny's departure, though, at length, now that the first concert has gone off successfully, I have got a little repose again.—On the same day that I accompanied Hensel to Delitzsch, Chopin was here; he would stay only one day, so we passed all of it together, and played music. I cannot conceal from you, dear Fanny, that I again found that you did not do him sufficient justice in your opinion; perhaps, though, he was not in the best mood for playing when you heard him, as may probably often be the case with him; but his playing again enchanted me, and I feel convinced that if you, as well as Father, had heard some of his better things, as he played them for me, you would say the same. There is something fundamentally original in his pianoforte playing, and, at the same time, so masterly that he may be called a really perfect virtuoso, and as I am fond of and delighted with, perfection of all kinds, I had a highly agreeable day, though so different from the preceding ones with you, Hensel. I was pleased at being once more with a regular musician, not with half virtuosos and half classicists, who would fain combine in music the *honneurs de la vertu* and the *plaisirs du vice*, but with a man who has a well-marked tendency of his own. And though the latter may be as far distant from mine as the poles from each other, I can get on splendidly with it, but not with the half-and-half people in question.—The evening of Sunday was truly a curious one; I was obliged to play him my oratorio, while inquisitive Leipzigers furtively forced their way in to see him, and he, between the first and second part, dashed off his new "Etudes," and a new concerto, before the astonished Leipzigers, and I then went on with my *St. Paul*, just as if an Iroquois and a Caffir had met to talk together.—He has also an extremely pretty "Nocturno," a great deal of which I have got by heart, to play it for Paul's amusement. Thus we had a merry time together, and he promised, most seriously, to come back in the course of the winter, when I am to compose a new symphony and have it performed in his honor! We swore this before three witnesses, and we shall see if we both keep our words.—My Handelian works, also, were introduced before his departure, and Chopin exhibited really childlike delight at them; but they are in truth so beautiful that I cannot be too much pleased with them; 32 large folios, bound in the well-known elegant English fashion, in thick green leather, with, upon the back of each in large gold letters, the title of the entire work and the contents of the particular volume. Besides this, on the first volume are the following words: "To Conductor F. M. B. The Committee of the Cologne Musical Festival of 1835." There is also a very kind letter from the whole Committee with all their signatures. I take out by chance *Samson*, and at the very beginning light upon a grand

air of Samson, which no one knows, because Herr von Mosel cut it out, and which is inferior to no other air by Handel, and as I have as much pleasure in reserve from all the 32 volumes—you may imagine my delight. Before he left, Moscheles came, and, in the very first half hour, played the second volume of my *Songs without words* right through, to my very great satisfaction; he is quite unchanged, only a little older in appearance, but fresh and merry as ever, and he plays magnificently: he is a perfect virtuoso of another kind, and a master besides. I have had one after the other the rehearsals of the first Subscription Concerts, and thus, on the evening of the day before yesterday, my Leipzig musical directorship began. I cannot describe to you how pleased I am with this commencement, and with my position here altogether. It is a quiet and regular business post. You perceive that the Institution has existed for 50 years, and, in addition to this, people seem very much attached and well-disposed to me and my music. The orchestra is exceedingly good, thoroughly musical, and I think that in another half year it will become still better, for the good-will and attention with which the people here receive and instantly follow my observations quite touched me at the two rehearsals we have had up to the present time; there was always a difference, as though it was another orchestra playing. There are some objections to certain of the performers, but they will be gradually remedied, and I think I may look forward to a series of very agreeable evenings and good performances. I wish you had heard the introduction to my *Meeresstille* (for it is with that the concert begins); the silence in the room and in the orchestra was so great that you could hear the most delicate gradation of tone, and they played the whole adagio in a perfectly masterly manner; they did not play the allegro as well; accustomed to a slower tempo, they always manifested a tendency to drag; the end, on the other hand, where the slow 4/4 time commences, was a great success; the fiddles went to work with an impetuosity which quite startled me, and *Publicus* was delighted.—The following pieces: Aria in E major, by Weber; violin concerto, by Spohr; and the introduction to *Ali Baba*, did not go so well; the one rehearsal was not sufficient, and there was often unsteadiness; Beethoven's B flat major Symphony, on the contrary, which composed the second part, sounded magnificently, and the Leipzigers were in ecstasies after each movement. Such eager attention as there was in the entire orchestra I never saw surpassed; they kept a look-out like so many.—*Schliessvögel*, as Zelter would have said.

After the concert I received from the members of the orchestra, and offered them, a mass of congratulations—first came the orchestra, then the Thomaner (five young fellows, who come in so punctually and lay about them, that I have promised them an order of merit), then Moscheles, with a retinue of amateurs, then the two musical papers, and so on. On Friday we have Moscheles's concert. I am to play with him his Piece for two Pianos; he will then play my new Piano-forte Concerto; my "Hebriden," also, will be in the swim. This afternoon, Moscheles, Clara Wieck and myself, play Seb. Bach's Triple Concerto in D minor. How amiable Moscheles is still towards me; what a deep interest he takes in my appointment here; how delighted I am that he is so contented with it; how, to my surprise, he plays my E flat major rondo better than I could ever have expected: how we dine in his hotel, and take tea, with music, of an evening in mine—all this you can fancy for yourselves, for you know him, especially you, my dear Father. These are happy days, and though I cannot do much work, I soon make up for lost time, when I derive so much enjoyment as I do now.

The first concert did not render me nervous, but to my shame I confess that I never before felt so embarrassed on leaving; I think this arose from its having previously given rise to so much writing and discussion, and I had never before seen a concert of the kind; the locality and the lights confused me. And now, hoping you are all well and happy, and begging you to write very often, I remain yours,

FELIX.

Musical Pitch.

Extracted from "THE ORGAN, ITS HISTORY AND CONSTRUCTION." By E. J. HOPKINS and E. F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

Much has been written, at various times, to show that the musical pitch has been gradually rising for the last two centuries; and the opinion has even been expressed, that in Tallis's time it was some two tones lower than it is now. The difficulty, or rather impossibility, has been to reconcile this theory with the notation of the venerable pieces of Church har-

mony of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries. All who have been accustomed to assist in the choral performance of the services and anthems of the early English Church composers, must have observed that the parts, generally speaking, lie so low for the voices that they can be sung only with some difficulty, even at the present supposed elevation of a major third above the original pitch; and this circumstance has naturally led to much speculation as to whether they ever could have been sung at a pitch much, if at all, below that in present use.

Several different theories have been propounded, with the hope of settling this by no means unimportant question. Some have supposed that the range of the human voice must have been lower at that period than it is now; others, that the composers could not have studied the compass and convenience of the voices for which they wrote; while others maintain that the compositions in question were not contemplated by their authors to be sung to any definite pitch, but were intended to be transposed, to suit the voices, as occasion might require. All these explanations, however, are accompanied by some circumstance that proves fatal to its unqualified reception. Let us examine them in the order they are above given.

It must be needless to insist on the extreme improbability that nature has found it necessary to revise that which has always been ranked among her most perfect works; namely, the vocal organ of the human species; particularly as there exists no real difficulty to render the retention of so unseemly an hypothesis necessary. But were it otherwise, the questionableness of such a theory is soon rendered evident by making an analysis of the music already alluded to. In the Services of Tye, Tallis, Bird, Gibbons, Bevin, Farrant, Hilton, and others, the notation of the treble part in no case ascends higher than D₂, the fourth line in the treble; while in a few instances it descends as low as tenor A, the second line below. The bass constantly ranges down to FF, and sometimes to EE; and the inner parts lie proportionally low. The anthems of the same composers slightly exceed the above upward range in the treble part; but that only rarely. Now, if the pitch, at the time alluded to, were some two tones lower than at present, the above writers must have considered the sound corresponding with the modern b₁ flat, or b₂ natural, the third line in the treble, as marking the full average upward range of treble voices, and an occasional tenor F, the fourth line in the bass, as not too low for them; and further they must have viewed DD flat, and even CC, the second line below the bass, as sounds quite within the reach of the ordinary bass voices;—ideas certainly most opposed to our knowledge and experience of the compass and capabilities of the several voices in existence in the present day. But, inasmuch as the theory of the former existence of a complete series of different, that is, deeper voices, rests solely on the presumed lower pitch of the seventeenth century—and this latter point is not yet proved—acquiescence in it may for the present be fairly withheld.

With regard to the second suggestion, "that the composers could not have studied the compass and convenience of the voices for which they wrote," the answer to this must depend entirely on the decision arrived at in reference to the former question, and, therefore, may also stand over for a time.

The third supposition is, "that the compositions in question were not contemplated by their authors to be sung to any definite pitch." This, however, does not meet the difficulty. Unless the old English treble voices were as deep as the modern counter-tenors, and all the other voices proportionally lower, Tallis, Gibbons, and the church composers of the period, must invariably and intentionally have written their music in a pitch in which it could never have been sung, and have thus rendered recourse to transposition not simply a matter of occasional expediency, but one of constant necessity. Nay, more, as their services, &c., were from the first intended to be accompanied by the organ (the composers themselves, in many cases, taking their seat at the instrument), and as the organs of that day were tuned according to the unequal temperament;—as, moreover, the music was always written in the scales that were especially favored by that temperament, but out of which, according to the above theory, they must uniformly have been transposed;—it follows, if the above hypothesis be correct, that the learned composers referred to must have avoided using the good keys in performance, if not in writing, and preferred the bad. Now, it is not possible that proceedings so needlessly complex and objectionable as those just detailed could have been recognized, still less have received preference, at the hands of those who were, in all other respects relating to their art, such methodical and deep-thinking men.

In the attempted solutions hitherto advanced, the judgment of the great English composers of the time referred to, and even the original perfectness of some of Nature's own work, the compass of the human voice, have been questioned, while one thing, the mutability of which is so well known, namely, the pitch, has been treated as though it was indisputably a very low one in the sixteenth century.

Now, although the opinion is directly at variance with all the hitherto received notions on the subject, there are the strongest reasons for believing that the ecclesiastical pitch of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries, so far from being some two tones lower than that now in use, was a whole tone higher than the present concert pitch.

During recent visits to several of the organs of Germany, the writer was frequently struck with the extreme sharpness of the pitch of the old organs. Of the three great instruments at Hamburg, two—namely, those in St. Catharine's Church, which is the oldest, and that in the Church of St. Jacobi, built in the seventeenth century—proved to be a whole tone above the writer's tuning-fork, marked "Philharmonie" pitch. The transept organ in St. Mary's Church, at Lübeck, another old instrument, on being tested, was also found to be a whole tone above the same pitch; while that in one of the other churches in the same old town, was a full semitone above the same pitch. On the inquiry being made of the organists of the three fore-mentioned churches, how they accounted for this circumstance, they explained that their organs were tuned to the Church pitch; and it subsequently transpired that in Germany three distinct standards of pitch had at different periods been used to which to tune organs,—namely, orchestra pitch, which was the lowest; chamber pitch, a semitone above the former; and church pitch, which was the highest. On extending these inquiries to an organ-builder of that country, that person stated that he had almost invariably found the old organs, which he had been called upon to tune, repair, or replace by new ones, a semitone or a whole tone sharper than the present concert pitch. Not the least interesting proof of the former existence of a high church pitch is to be found in the fact that Sebastian Bach, in his Church Cantatas, in the most cases wrote the organ part a note lower than the other parts; which circumstance is alluded to by Mr. Macfarren, in his analysis of the contents of the first volume of cantatas, published by the Leipzig Bach Society, printed in the *Musical World* for 1853.

The above facts, in conjunction with others, tended to confirm an opinion the writer had long previously entertained—namely, that in England, as in Germany, there must have existed, at the period of the Reformation, and from that time to that of the Rebellion, a church pitch quite separate from the orchestral or instrumental pitch; and not only so, but even higher than the modern concert pitch. Every circumstance directly supports this hypothesis, which at the same time removes and reconciles all the difficulties and improbabilities, which have encumbered every other view of the same subject.

To begin with a reference to the English Church Music. If we read the notation of the old services a tone higher, the average compass of the treble parts will then be made to the extent from middle b or c₁, up to c₂ or f₂; and the bass parts, as a rule, not lower than gamut G or FF—precisely the ranges which are known to be the best for the corresponding voices in church music. By this very simple means the necessity is obviated for supposing that the range of the human voice has undergone any modification; it removes all occasion for suggesting that the whole race of church composers of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries understood or studied the convenience of the voices so little as invariably to have written too low for them; and it renders it quite superfluous to suppose that that industrious class of writers made a practice of setting their services and anthems in wrong keys, leaving singers and organists to transpose them into the correct ones. William Turner, writing in 1724, says: "When Guido Areteus reduced the Greek scale into the form now used, there was no sound practised above E₁ la, which gave birth to the common proverb, viz., he strains a note above E₁ la." Without going back so far as this quotation would take us, if the pitch in Tallis's time had been some two tones lower than at present, it is difficult to comprehend a cause for treble voices having to "strain" at c₂; but if it were a tone higher, it is easy to understand that then, as now, the sound of f₂ sharp could only be produced by the exercise of some exertion.

In addition to the theoretical evidences already advanced, there are many practical reasons for believing in the former existence of a church pitch in England higher than the present one. For some time past it has been the custom with Mr. Turle, the organist of Westminster Abbey, to play Gibbons'

anthem, "Hosanna to the Son of David," which is printed in C, in D major; by which transposition the music is rendered more effective in performance, and far less laborious to the choir to sing. The writer also has for years made a practice of playing Gibbons' service in G instead of F, and many other pieces a tone higher than they are printed, which experiments have uniformly been attended with so good an effect on the general character of the music, besides affording so much relief to the voices, as to strengthen the supposition that such transpositions were not departures from, but restorations of, the original pitch. Again, the writer observed, at the Bicentenary Festival of the Sons of the Clergy this year (1854), that Mr. Goss played Gibbons' anthem, "God is gone up," in G, instead of F, as written, in consequence of the parts otherwise lying so low for the voices. The tenors descend to B, and in one case to gamut A. By the transposition they had not to go below tenor C or B; but if taken "some two tones lower," they ought to have descended to FF—a sufficiently low note even for bass voices nowadays.

Another practical illustration that a high vocal pitch was most probably recognized by the early English church and choral writers, may be gathered from the custom observed at both the metropolitan Madrigal Societies, of almost uniformly taking the pitch of the old English madrigals a semi-tone or more higher than the notation represents, that is, in about the German chamber pitch of former times, to the great improvement of the general effect.

Since the above observations were first written, two interesting facts have come to the writer's knowledge, which strongly support the opinion as to a former high church pitch. In the library, at the Exeter Cathedral, is preserved a MS. copy, written about the beginning of the last century, of Tallis's Service in D, transposed into E; and in Dr. Rimbault's library is a copy of Gibbons' service in F, transposed into G; in both cases the notation, no doubt, being raised, to compensate for the lowering of the pitch, in order that the originally intended sounds might be preserved.

In 1644, church organs were ordered to be demolished by Act of Parliament; and so implicitly was the nonsensical decree obeyed, that very few organs escaped the general destruction; and even the two or three that were spared have subsequently undergone so much alteration in the course of improvement that they could afford little or no assistance in solving the question which has just been considered.

The organs built by Smith and Harris after the Restoration were not tuned to so high a pitch as the presumed choir pitch of the time of Tallis and Gibbons. Smith's pitch, however, was much higher than is commonly supposed, as may be gathered from the following passage, extracted from the "English Musical Gazette," for January, 1819:—"It is a remarkable circumstance that all Schmidt's organs were a quarter, and some even half a tone above pitch; this was so severely felt by the wind instruments, at the performances of the Sons of the Clergy, that they could not get near the pitch of the organ. In consequence of this, it was agreed upon, that the organ should be altered to concert pitch, by transposing the pipes, so that the present DDD was formerly CCC, and so on through the organ." To this it may be added, that the pipes to the CCC key are new ones; the two Open Diapason pipes, of wood, standing in the angles of the case to the left of the manuals. The pitch of the Temple organ was also originally very sharp; but was lowered in 1843. Yet neither the St. Paul's nor the Temple organ is even now more than a quarter of a tone below pitch; consequently they must both originally have been quite up to the present concert pitch, and therefore almost mathematically correct, if not quite so. Harris's organs were generally lower in pitch than Smith's. That at Wolverhampton—part of the one that was originally erected at the Temple—was so until a few years since, when its pitch was raised. It is not certain what was the cause of this difference. Probably it arose from the fact of the French foot measure being greater than the German; which measure applied to the organ pipes, would necessarily lead to such a result as that just mentioned. But to return from such speculations to the written music of the latter part of the seventeenth century. On referring to the sacred compositions by the contemporaries of Smith and Harris, we perceive this coincidence in support of the opinion that the pitch of that period was flatter than the earlier choir pitch; namely, that certain notes, such as E₂ and F₂, which scarcely ever appeared in the treble part of the earlier church music, were now of quite common occurrence.

Soon after the commencement of the eighteenth century, the pitch had again fallen. Possibly Harris's flatter pitch was preferred and accepted as the standard. It is known that the organ in the Chapel

of Trinity College, Cambridge, commenced by Father Smith, and "cut down" and finished by his son-in-law, Schrider, in 1708, was originally adjusted to the pitch which has been shown mathematically to have been a minor tone below the present pitch. The writer of the "Reformation of Cathedral Music," page 25, says Dr. Smith (Harmonies, 1749) gives 393 as the number of vibrations of A in a second. Fisher, in 1823, gives 430. Woolhouse ascertained the Philharmonic pitch, in 1835, to have 424. The same note referred to the scale of vibrations C=512, and derived as a prime harmonic from the subdominant F, will have 526.6. Now the ratio of any of these to 393 is almost exactly as 10:9, which is the ratio of a minor tone, shewing the rise of pitch within a single century.

What is very remarkable is, the pitch had, soon after the commencement of the last century, fallen as much in France and Germany as in England. Of the three fine organs at Strasburg, built by Silbermann, those in the cathedral, finished in 1716, and that in the Protestant church proved, on trial in 1853, to be a whole tone below the pitch of the same fork by which the Hamburg organs were tested the preceding year, and found to be a whole tone sharp. The third organ in St. Thomas's Church is nearly as flat. The organ in the church of S. Maria di Capitol, at Cologne, built in 1767 by König, was originally flat; and, like the Trinity organ, has since been sharpened.

In this case, again, the greater depression of the pitch is manifested by the increased upward range of the notation, as is clearly demonstrated by the music of Handel and other composers of the last century, even without the authority of Handel's tuning-fork, the existence of which further authenticates the supposition. William Turner likewise speaks of the treble voices in his time going some three or four degrees higher than Guido's gamut, which, however, would then have consisted of the same range of sounds as in Tallis's time, or within a semitone of it.

It is evident then, (1) that the organ pitch has within three centuries varied to the extent of two whole tones; (2) that there have at different times existed three distinct pitches, the highest being the oldest; that in use soon after the commencement of the last century being the lowest; and (3) that the present pitch is about midway between the extreme high and low pitches of former times, and is as nearly as possible identical with Father Smith's.

Music Abroad.

England.

The principal musical event of the past month has been the Festival of the three choirs of Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford, which took place this time, by rotation, in the Cathedral at Worcester, on the 8th, 9th and 10th of September. The total of band and chorus was 300. Mr. Done, the cathedral organist, was the conductor. We clip a few paragraphs from the daily reports in the London *Musical World*, to show what was done.

Tuesday, Sept. 8. This morning, at half-past eight, full service was held in the Cathedral, the admission being of course free to all comers. The *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* were by Sir F. Osley, the anthem Elvey's "Praise the Lord O my soul." For the sake of the collective reputation of the choristers of Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford, I wish that I could express my satisfaction at the manner in which the service was got through.

Then followed a sermon by the bishop, and at 12 o'clock the cathedral was again densely crowded, to hear Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

In the first part Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Banks and Miss Palmer, together with Mr. Wilbye Cooper, sang the solos with marked effect; in the second Mlle. Titiens, Madame Sainton Dolby and Mr. Sims Reeves distinguished themselves, as they never fail to do, while Mr. Weiss, who sustained the part of the prophet throughout, never sung with more earnestness and dignity. The trio of angels was repeated, at the request, I believe, of the Bishop: at any rate it seemed to be quite an understood thing, as the conductor made a dead stop, looking round for an evidently expected signal. Why is the e not a school for conductors? We should then be spared such muddling work as occurred but too frequently this morning. One does not like to be hypercritical upon gentlemen who assume the baton only once in three years, but the want of energy, and general slug-

gishness of the performance, cannot be allowed to pass entirely unnoticed. The attendance was about 1700; the collection £333.

In the evening was a miscellaneous concert:—Mozart's Symphony in D; Bennett's *Naiades* overture; selection from *Cosie fan tutte*; arias, duets, &c., by Sims Reeves, Santley, the baritone, Tietjens, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, the Misses Phillips, and others.

Sept. 9. This morning Mozart's *Requiem*, Beethoven's *Engedi* (*Mount of Olives*), and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* have been given, but much as I love each of these great master pieces I cannot but think that there was one too many for a single performance. The conductor seemed more at home with Mozart than he was yesterday with Mendelssohn, the *Requiem* on the whole going very fairly, stricter attention to the various tempi, and less absence of light and shade being observable: the chorus too, throughout, honorably distinguished themselves. For the soloists, Mlle. Tietjens and Mad. Sainton Dolby, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Weiss, we have nothing but praise to offer. Nor was the *Mount of Olives* less satisfactory, the grand "Hallelujah Chorus" bringing the first part to an end most admirably. The *Lobgesang* fared far better than *Elijah*, the time (with one or two trifling exceptions) being generally correct, while both band and chorus seemed thoroughly to have warmed to their work and played and sang their best. Of course Mr. Sims Reeves produced the effect he always does in the recitative, which he has made so peculiarly his own, "We called through the darkness." This, the succeeding chorus, "The night is departing," and the sublime chorale which follows, were worthy of praise. No less noticeable were the two duets "I waited for the Lord," and "My song shall be always Thy mercy," in which Madame Lemmens Sherrington divided the honors with the great tenor, that lady's solo, "Praise thou the Lord," being also irreproachable. Since its first production at Birmingham, in 1840, each hearing of this work makes one more bitterly deplore the death of its composer, whose intention it was to have made this the first of three compositions of similar character—What a glorious addition to our stock of classical music would have been two more such examples of the Sinfonia cantata. Again was the cathedral completely filled, nearly 1800 being present, a result exceedingly gratifying as some 700 more than were present on the corresponding day three years since, when the *Last Judgment* and a selection from *Judas Maccabeus* were done.

Sept. 10. I am glad to find the taste for Mendelssohn is so much in the ascendant here. We have had *Elijah* and the *Lobgesang*, and last night we had a no less great masterpiece. The *First Walpurgis Night*, which, taken altogether, went very well, despite the usual tendency to drag the time, which seems the special weakness of the conductors of these festivals. Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Weiss sustained the principal solo parts, giving the fullest effect to the music. The rest of the scheme of the second concert was like that of the first.

The entire first part to-day was devoted to Herr Schachner's oratorio, *Israel's return from Babylon*, the novelty *par excellence* of the festival. The late hour at which this morning's performance terminated prevents my giving anything like a detailed analysis of Herr Schachner's work, or how the various numbers were rendered. It must be sufficient therefore for my present purpose to mention the bare facts; viz., that the principals, Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley, all sang their very best, that Mr. Dane was most zealous in his endeavors, that band and chorus exerted themselves to the utmost, and, although various opinions were expressed as to the merits of the oratorio, I believe the general feeling is one of satisfaction. Be it what it may, the step is one in the right direction, and the managing committee deserve all credit for being the first to introduce even a quasi-novelty into their programme. A selection from the works of Handel, beginning from the *Esther* overture, which for many years ushered in the Tuesday morning's service, constituted the second part. *Jephthah* furnished occasion for Mr. Reeves to display the wonderful pathos that he alone knows so well how to infuse into the recitative "Deeper and deeper still," with its tender air "Waft her, angels," and to Miss Banks the opportunity of singing "Farewell, ye limpid springs and floods" with much unassuming and natural feeling. *Samson* contributed for Madame Lemmens Sherrington, "Ye men of Gaza;" for Mr. Wilbye Cooper, "Total eclipse;" for Madame Sainton Dolby, "Return, O God of hosts;" for Mr. Weiss, "Honor and arms;" and for Mlle. Titiens, "Let the bright seraphim."—That these were one and all well done will be easily understood, and that Mr. T. Harper's trumpet ob-

bligato to the last named air was, as it always is, one of the most interesting features, will be readily conceived by your readers, who are (I should think none of them are not) acquainted with the respective pieces and their interpreters. Nor must I omit a strong word of praise for the choir, which consisted of some 250 fine fresh voices, the soprano and basses being especially noticeable, and the singing remarkably steady throughout. The attendance was again enormous, 2170 persons being present; the Thursday of three years since (when *Elijah* was performed) mustering but 1624. The collection, however, was not so large, being £240 against £255.

Paris.

GRAND OPERA. Mlle. Tietjens performed in the *Huguenots* four times, and then returned to England. Her victories in Paris may not have satisfied her English admirers, but the *Gazette Musicale* says of her, that "each time the success, which she obtained from the first day became more pronounced, more decided; each time she was applauded, recalled with more warmth, and in short, to sum up all in one word of irresistible eloquence, each time the receipts rose to that figure which is the *ultima ratio* of authors, artists and directors";—according to which *ultima ratio* "negro minstrelsy" is perhaps the height of art!

A new tenor, Villaret, won favor in *Guillaume Tell*, the "Sicilian Vespers" and *Il Trovatore*. Mme. Gueymard and Mlle. Wertheimer sang in the last named piece.

OPERA COMIQUE. *Le Caid* was taken up again in the early part of September with Mlle. Girard and M. Bataille, in the principal parts; both much applauded.

THEATRE LYRIQUE. This opera house, now dignified with the title *Impérial* (which covers the trifle of 100,000 francs subvention, opened on the 3d of September, under M. Carvalho's management, with Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." Mme. Carvalho took the part of the page, and Mme. Ugalde that of Susanna. Mlle. Brunetti was the Countess; and the two baritone parts (Figaro and the Count) were taken by MM. Petit and Lutz.

ITALIAN THEATRE. The director, M. Bagier, has engaged, for double service both at Paris and Madrid, the following artists: *Prime donne soprani, mezzo-soprani and contralti*: Mmes. Anna de Logrange, Borghi-Mamo, Calderon, Gassier, de Méric Lablache, Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, Adelina Patti, Vauder-Beek, Mariotti. *Primi tenori*: MM. Baragli, Fraschini, Mario, Musiani, Nicolini, Pagans. *Primi baritoni*: MM. Agnesi, Delle-Sedie, Giraldoni, Guicciardi, Guadagnini, Morelli. *Primi bassi*: MM. Antonacci, Bouché. *Primi buffe*: MM. Rovere, Scalse;—and a long list of *comprarie* or secondary parts. Two new works of Verdi are announced: *La Forza del destino*, and *Simon Boccanegra*. Among the old works to be taken from the shelf are: Rossini's *Mosé*, Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda*, Donizetti's *Linda* and *Maria di Rohan*, and Pacini's *Saffo*.

Germany.

VIENNA. Rehearsals of Gluck's *Iphigenia* were going on with vigor. Ander, the tenor, having recovered from illness, made his re-appearance as Jean of Leyden in the *Prophète*, Sept. 10th; and Wachtel, the coachman tenor, has sung twice in the part of Raoul in the *Huguenots*. Weber's *Oberon* filled the theatre, with Wachtel in the part of Huon, and Mme. Dustman as Rezia, a part somewhat beyond her physical force.—The Singakademie announces for the coming season a *Requiem* by Mignon; the "Minstrel's Curse" by R. Schuman; Handel's "Acis and Galathea," and a Cantata and Christmas Oratorio by J. S. Bach.

The Austrian capital will have two Italian Operas in the approaching season. In that under the direction of Signor Merelli, file, will appear Miles. Patti and Trebelli, and Signor Alexandre Bettini;

in that formed by Signor Salvi, Mesdames Artôt, Barbot and Lotri, Signori Mongini, Graziani (tenor and barytone), Zucchini, Angelini, &c.

STUTTGART. An opera by Salieri, (a composer of much note in Vienna in Mozart's time), called "Axur, king of Ormus," was to be produced in the latter part of September.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 3, 1863.

Our Musical Season.

It is time that our musical societies should be stirring for the winter's campaign. Notes of preparation have usually been heard earlier than this. Golden October has come round again, and so far nothing has taken shape, nothing addresses itself to motion; no series of concerts (we mean of the higher order) are announced or even rumored,—nothing except the opening of the great organ, and whatever else may vaguely be imagined to organize itself about that as a centre, or proceed from that as a starting-point. It is naturally a foregone conclusion that there will be Oratorios and other choral concerts with the organ, as well as organ concerts without voices—save such as its own five or six thousand pipes can furnish. The spacious Music Hall, all beautiful and bright and clean again, with that magnificent temple of sound filling the stage end, which was formerly so bare, and drawing all eyes to it like a magnet, and with the noble Beethoven statue, now for the first time set before a worthy background, will invite more than ever to the grander festivals of Art. How rich the place already is in memories of exquisite and sometimes holy hours! What Symphonies and Oratorios, highest moments of Mozart and Beethoven, Handel and Mendelssohn, and all the great ones, haunt its walls! And now the occasion shall be greater—for are we not a nation purified by fire and entering on a new life, with Victory and Peace and Liberty, which henceforth shall mean liberty for all, demanding celebration in exhaustless Symphony and Song? Now too the means, with such a renovated Hall, and such an Organ, and all the new musical interest which these excite, are much increased.

Therefore we have reason to anticipate a musical revival, and in the best sense; that is to say, a revival of what has constituted, at one time or another during the past twelve or fourteen years, the proper musical glory of our city; a revival of the great days of the Orchestra and of the Oratorio societies, not forgetting the sweet seclusion of like-minded circles listening to choice "chamber music."

Let us consider, then, what can we have, and what are we likely to have. Of Organ concerts we need say nothing—they at least are a foregone conclusion—save to repeat the hope that the great organ will be the means of familiarizing our ears and souls, as much as possible, with the great music of Bach; this in itself would be an era in our musical culture, and would go far to compensate for meagreness and failure in almost all the other branches.

Nor need we take into account the Opera, the flitting prospects of whose visitations we have noted elsewhere. Opera—as we generally get it—while it is one of the always popular and fash-

ionable things, only indirectly touches the musical life and growth of a community. It belongs more to amusement than to culture. Occasionally, when we chance to have some great work worthily presented, it does more and kindles an artistic fervor. But opera, to afford to do such good work, must be a permanent establishment, and not a speculating visitor, whose art it is to dazzle a baby public with bright colors, and make us buy, in the heat of the hour's folly, what we do not need so much as better things which cost less and last longer. But we can count some good things, some real treasures of the mind, even amid the fitful fevers of past opera seasons. We hope that the three armies this year threatening to invade us, will not do so wholly to our harm, but will give us, in addition to things hacknied, sentimental, trivial or dazzlingly effective, also now and then a taste of the really great works of lyric art. Some novelties, about which we shall at least be curious, like Gounod's "Faust," are promised, and we shall no doubt hear good singers, each productive of a fresh sensation. From the (to our town) novelty of a well-appointed German opera we certainly shall expect some gain to our stock of lyrical impressions. We think we shall be pretty sure to make acquaintance with *Fidelio*, and a few more works of Mozart,—would that we might add also Gluck; possibly "William Tell," which is German enough in spirit, though Rossini wrote it; possibly too, Weber's *Oberon* or *Euryanthe*; and Cherubini's *Wasserträger*; as well as lighter works of Nicolai, Lortzing, Kreutzer, &c. But we linger here too long in passing; our concern now is with the concerts, not the operas.

To begin with the most important, those of the Orchestra, the so-called "Philharmonic," or Symphony concerts. No organ, opera, or oratorio can supply the want of these. We write them all with little or compared to Orchestra, when worthily engaged in its peculiar work of rendering a great Symphony. But then it must really be an orchestra, a grand one, well appointed, with twice or thrice our usual complement of strings. In our straitened circumstances, however, we must do the best we can; we cannot command half the artists that New York can, or Berlin, Leipzig, London, &c. But on a smaller scale, of 40 or 50 instruments, much has been and may still be done. More depends on the works selected for interpretation, on the programme, and the earnest study bestowed on its execution, than on numbers. Have not nearly all the Symphonies of Beethoven, of Mendelssohn, the best of Mozart and of Haydn, become household words among us, poor as we are compared to the great musical centres? And can we ever do with less? We are glad, therefore, to learn that Mr. Zerrahn means once more to reorganize and revivify his orchestra, and give a series of at least four sterling concerts, in which some of the best of the Symphonies, and some important novelties, will be produced. He contemplates the excellent plan of announcing his whole season's programme beforehand, so that subscribers may know to what they commit themselves. We have heard him speak of Schubert's glorious Symphony in C as among the possibilities; also, among the novelties, Liszt's "Faust" symphony, and Nicolai's choral overture based on the hymn: *Ein feste Burg*. We may be allowed the suggestion, that, inasmuch as the great Organ is about to set the pitch here according to the new French standard, which is

less extravagantly high than that to which we have been accustomed, it will now cost less straining to the voices to achieve the choral parts of the Ninth Symphony; and does not this new facility, combined with all the inspirations of the great passing crisis, suggest this as a good time for a new attempt to render that sublime creation? We long to see the bronze Beethoven looking down upon an orchestra engaged in such a task.

On the good stand taken by these concerts will depend somewhat the tone and character of the more mixed and cheaper Afternoon Rehearsal concerts, which will naturally follow. The Amateur orchestra, also, (Mozart Club), will doubtless do some good things.

In the quieter way of Chamber Music we learn that Messrs. Eichberg, Leonhard and Kreissmann have determined to give another series of such charming concerts as they held at Chickering's last year: when we shall have instrumental works of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and the rest, with songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, sung in their true spirit. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will of course continue their good work, bringing out more of the last quartets of Beethoven, as well as brightening the impression of the old favorite works in that kind. We hear that they think of commencing their concerts without resorting to the old ungracious, tiresome process of a subscription paper, and without any stipulated number of concerts. We think the plan a good one and quite as likely to succeed. But if the number of concerts is to be fixed, we would suggest the advantage of doing as Messrs. Mason & Thomas have done in New York, publishing the programmes of the whole series beforehand. By this means, the more earnest among the audience will have a chance to prepare themselves somewhat by private study for the right reception and enjoyment of the various masterpieces. We trust that our pianists, too, some of whom are masters, will feel the spirit move them to give some evenings with the fine composers for that instrument.

In all these concerts, the art of arts, perhaps, is that of programme-making. Variety is the spice of life, it is true, and contrast is a vital element in unity itself. How to secure these without vitiating the whole, without loss of artistic self-respect, is the question. The temptation is quite natural, and the practice far too common, to try to conciliate the truly musical, and at the same time catch the crowd; to render outward tribute unto Beethoven, but to claim more to one's self (the player). We trust no one will fail to read the letter of Mendelssohn upon another page, especially the passage where he speaks of "half virtuosos and half classicists, who would fain combine in music *les honneurs de la vertu et les plaisirs du vice*."

We really believe we shall not have occasion to complain again of the past three or four years' poverty in Oratorios, compared with good old times. The Organ alone is guaranty of that. It will shoot new life into the old Handel and Haydn Society; new purposes, new hopes, new sense of youth already begin to stir under its venerable ribs, with energy enough we hope to lead to something. The "Messiah" at Christmas will derive an added glory from the organ; but we expect much more than that. There are other great works which we have a right to hope to hear. It is even time that our famous Oratorio Society should begin to grapple with old Bach, or own itself behind the age. Some good things we know they have in contemplation; among them Handel's music to Dryden's "Ode to St. Cecilia," for the first time, and a revival of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." "Israel in Egypt," with its triumphant Miriam's song and "horse and his rider" chorus, and "Judah Maccabæus" would suit the temper of the times. New life and long life, say we, to the "Handel and Haydn." But are there no other bodies of singers, who might keep this alive and young by wholesome emulation? And is there not other great choral work to be done, requiring organ, orchestra, great Music Hall and voices, besides Oratorio, opening important fields for other organizations? The writer, in the *Musical Times*, from whom we quoted in our last, complains that the H. & H. Society have

heretofore had the exclusive monopoly of the Music Hall on Sunday evenings.—"the only evenings on which sacred concerts are remunerative." This, if true, is too suggestive of "the dog in the manger," and we agree with our neighbor that music would probably be the gainer by having the Hall and all other conveniences open to fair competition. But of this hereafter.

Hayter's Church Music.

Resuming our examination of this book where we left off (see Journal of Sept. 5), we have yet to speak of what is the most characteristic and almost the largest portion of its contents. For it will be remembered, we found its chief peculiarity, among other "collections," to consist in its avoidance of the usual psalm tune monotony, and its borrowing even the themes of its psalm tunes from larger classical works of all kinds. This tendency is still more apparent in the collection of larger pieces, which, with a lot of those more musical cadences called "Chants," make up the last half of the book.

The first example is unpromising; Mr. Hayter has not put the best foot forward. The piece is entitled *Deus Misereatur*, by Mozart; and in it you soon recognize some lineaments of the beautiful *Recordare* in the *Requiem* looking out through strange disfigurement of the original structure, where voice follows voice in canon, while here, the four parts move *pari passu*.

Next come a couple of *Jubilationes* (always with English words). The first, bearing no composer's name, has a familiar sound, and is a graceful, flowing, charming composition. The second, by Novello, is still better; having a figured bass, and generally a free and individual movement of the parts, ingenious but not formal, learned but yet natural and expressive. The *Benedictus* presents itself in five dresses; at first *Winter-clad*, and rather cold and commonplace; the next time anonymously, but pleasantly and cheerfully, with a touch or two of Spohr harmony; then with the name of Hayter—rather a forced effort, chilly and ungenial modulations alternating with weak passages in thirds; then as that ringing glorious strain, full and sonorous, the *Dona nobis* from the first Mass of Haydn,—verily a good selection; and finally with the sweet, serious, placid smile of Vincent Novello.

An entire *Te Deum* follows, arranged by Hayter from the first Mass of Haydn, making an effective piece.—The next piece: *Benedic anima mea*, bears the Italian name of Sarti; a learned composer, but this piece runs too much in sweetish thirds, though it has fine passages. It is not nor indeed are the most of these pieces, church-like in the severer sense of the term; compare! with either Bach or Palestrina, their style is secular—a thing which can be without lacking all religious element.

Next come an Easter Anthem by Novello, with a kindly warmth in it, and a nice Christmas Anthem by Hopkins, (we presume the organist at the Temple Church in London), in the course of which a breath of Handel's pastoral symphony creeps into the accompaniment. A couple of short funeral anthems, both anonymous, both of a soothing and consoling character, but in no way remarkable as compositions, and a *Sanctus* in old English style, strong and solemn, by Dr. Croft, close the list.

There is certainly much in this book which choirs may find of value; much that must be refreshing after most Yankee psalm and anthem manufactures; much that is musician-like, though faults and crudities may here and there be pointed out. We regard it as a progress, but we still hope to see a collection of religious music wholly drawn from deeper sources.

MR. GILMORE, with his well appointed band, and almost orchestra, commenced a series of brilliant and entertaining popular concerts at the Tremont Tem-

ple last Saturday and Sunday evenings. CAMILLA URSO played her violin for him, and its charm is infallible. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, the basso, sang, and Mr. ARBUCKLE displayed his fine skill on the cornet. Overtures, operatic potpourris, &c., were played by the band, both with reeds and with brass alone, with remarkable purity of intonation, precision and brilliancy of effect.

MANHATTAN'S OPERA troupe are to open at the New York Academy *next Monday evening*, in *Roberto Devereux*, the principal parts by Mme. Medori, Mlle. Sulzer, Signors Mazzoleni and Bellini. During the week, *Rigoletto* and *Norma* are to follow.

In New York the various series of classical concerts are announcing themselves. The Philharmonic Society has commenced its rehearsals. Mr. THEODORE THOMAS will give four grand orchestral concerts, and as many public rehearsals, at Irving Hall, with the addition of a full chorus.—The Brooklyn Philharmonic, too, with Eisfeld for conductor, commence their seventh season of five concerts and 15 rehearsals, the first concert to be on the 31st inst., with Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony and Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" overture for the main features.—Mr. MILLS will give four piano concerts, and Messrs. MASON & THOMAS announce the following prospectus of their Soirées of Chamber Music:

Soirée I.
Quartet, D minor, No. 2. Mozart.—Sonata, Piano, F sharp minor, op. 11. Schumann.—Quintet, C, op. 29. Beethoven.
Soirée II.
Quartet, B Hydn.—Sonata, A minor, op. 105. Schumann.—Quartet, E flat, op. 127. No. 12. Beethoven.
Soirée III.
Quartet, F, op. 41. No. 2. Schumann.—Sonata, Piano C minor, posth. Schubert.—Quartet, F, op. 59. No. 1. Beethoven.
Soirée IV.
Quartet, Piano, E flat, op. 47. Schumann.—Sonata, G minor, op. 1. No. 5. Tartini.—Ballade, Mason.—Quartet, B, op. 130. No. 13. Beethoven.
Soirée V.
Quartet, G, op. 13. No. 2. Beethoven.—Sonata, B minor, No. 1. Bach.—Sonata, Piano C minor, op. 109. Beethoven.—Quartet, G, posth., Schubert.
Soirée VI.
Quartet, C, No. 6. Mozart.—Sonata, D minor, op. 121. Schumann.—Quartet, A minor, op. 132. Beethoven.

Obituary.

HERMANN WOLLENHAUPT, THE PIANIST.

This eminent pianist and composer died on Friday evening, the 18th inst., after a very brief illness. He left his native place, Schkeuditz, in Prussia, at the age of 18, having achieved a fine reputation as a pianist, and came to New York in 1845, where he has resided ever since. His name soon became known by his performances at the Philharmonic and other concerts, and the reputation thus achieved gained him at once a large influx of pupils from the best families. This success decided him to settle down as a teacher and he became one of the most eminent instructors in the country. He but rarely appeared in public, as he devoted all his leisure time to composition. His works for the piano-forte are numerous, and are distinguished by marked originality, exquisite grace, freshness, and brilliancy. All these works, though written here, are probably better known in Europe, where they have made for their author a brilliant reputation and have become standard teaching pieces. They have been republished in almost every European city. Mr. Wollenhaupt, having determined to end his days in New York, sent for the whole of his family to join him before he had been two years in the country. For them he made a home, educating his sisters and displaying the noblest traits both as a son and a brother. He did yet more. He sent his brother Bruno to Germany to study as an artist, and afforded him all the advantages that a seven years' stay could offer. He was well repaid for the sacrifice, by the eminence which that brother has attained as a violinist and musician. No man was more respected among us for his rare intelligence and genius, and no man was more beloved for his honorable, generous, open-hearted nobility of character. In every relation of life he was just, tender, and true, and he goes to his grave mourned by all, and with heartfelt regrets, that but few have deserved so well, that a life so useful should have ceased so soon, when so many affections were intertwined with his, and the promise of the future was so bright. All the well-known musicians were present at his funeral, and the piano warerooms and music stores were closed in respect to his memory. His body was interred at Cypress Hill Cemetery, Long Island.—*Tribune*.

GERMAN OPERA. A fortnight ago we copied from a New York paper the latest on *dits* about the famous singers whom Herr Anschütz had engaged in Europe for the coming season. That very day the new importation arrived in New York, where the orchestra, chorus and *corps de ballet* have for some time been rehearsing; but on opening the goods, they were not found to correspond in a single particular with the invoice which has been circulating in the newspapers. Entirely a changed set of names—and for the most part heretofore unheard of, (which does not prove that they may not be as good as the best). No Tita-schek, no Dall'Assi, no Formes, neither Carl nor Theodor nor—what is the baritone brother's name? Instead of these we have the following list, furnished to the Philadelphia *Ballet* by Mr. A. Birgfeld, the business agent of Mr. Anschütz:

The leading tenor robusto is Herr Himmer, who has been for several years at the Berlin opera. The new prima donna for the heavier parts is Madame Himmer-Frederici, from the same theatre. Both are very fine artists. The soubrette is Mlle. Pauline Canisso, from Vienna, who sang with success in Paris last year and has received high commendation from Rossini and others. There is another soubrette, Mlle. Caroline Lang, from Pesti. A singer of the florid style is Mlle. Caroline Puckner, from Vienna. The light tenor is Herr Holler, from the Brunswick opera. The first basso is Herr Lorepiz Remy, from Vienna, where he was selected by Salvi for the Italian opera. The barytone's name has not been given to us, but he is said to be very fine. Mme. Johannsen, and Messrs. Kronfeld, Graff, Weinlich and others of last year's company are re-engaged. The orchestra and chorus have been greatly enlarged and improved. A number of operas never played in this country will be produced, including Weber's *Euryanthe*, Spohr's *Jessonda* and Gounod's *Faust*, which has made such a sensation in London lately. The company will begin its performances in Baltimore about the 1st of October and will then go to Washington for a fortnight. The season at the Philadelphia Academy will begin on Monday, the 2d of November, and continue throughout the month. The great excellence of the company and the novelty and variety of the repertoire make it certain that it will be attended with great success.

Since noting the above, we find that the German Company were to make their first trial at Brooklyn, last Thursday evening, in *Der Freyschütz*, for a single night only.

STIGELLI, the tenor, in a private letter, dated Monza, Aug. 28, to a friend in this city, writes:

"I accepted an engagement at La Pergola in Florence a few days ago for the autumn season. The company will be of the best quality. I shall sing in Gounod's fine opera of *Faust*, which is certainly the most remarkable novelty which has made its appearance for some years. The music is more German than French, fresh, generally original, and full of felicitous phrases and ideas, which are essentially connected with the orchestration. Though filled with "good music", it possesses a charm for those who are not technically skilled in the science. The libretto is as well done as the grandeur of Goethe's poem permits, reduced to the small proportions of an opera plot. The authors have seized on the principal points for scenic effect, and these, with the delightful music, together charm the auditor. It needs a dramatic tenor, a "belle et bonne" soprano, an excellent bass and good choruses."

THE WRONG MAX. The *Tribune's* postscript to its account of Maretzek's operatic plans, which we copied in our last, was in error about Gottschalk's being "engaged for 100 nights by Mr. Maretzek." Max Strakosch is the man, the same under whose agency the virtuoso's business has thrived for a year or two past.

The *Transcript* has the following:

One of the finest church organs yet erected in this City of Organs has recently been built, and is now being placed in the Second Church, Dr. Robinson's in Bedford street.

This splendid instrument is the work of the Brothers Hook; and they have exercised their utmost skill

in producing an organ worthy of the beautiful church it will adorn, the critical judgment of our community, and the prominent position they have attained as builders.

The Society have been fortunate in having the services of Mr. B. J. Lang, who has been unremitting in devising the details of its action, and musical characteristics, and in oversight of its construction. The Music Committee of the Church have had their ingenuity somewhat taxed in procuring an outward form, or case, which, while it should harmonize with the architecture of the church, should at the same time enable them to preserve the beautiful Gothic front window—in all of which they have been eminently successful, the present design having been furnished, under their advisement, by Wm. C. Preston, a young artist of growing popularity.

As a musical instrument the organ is of rare excellence, combining stops both grand and beautiful. In mechanical peculiarities, it embraces many modern European improvements now first introduced. As an adjunct to the architecture of the church, it is all that could be desired; neither too ornate nor simple; but embodying all the details of the early English Gothic requisite for unity with its surroundings.

The form of the instrument is that of two Gothic temples, united by a screen, with gables of tracery—the corners of each having grouped Gothic columns, supporting light pinnacles. Both gables and pinnacles are crocketed, and terminate in appropriate finials.

Each of these temples, which are of black walnut, will present two gabled fronts, with pipes of burnished metal, in fine contrast with the more sombre hue of the wood; and the many colored lights streaming in between them, over and through the gables and tracery of the screen, produce a most beautiful and pleasing effect. The organist and choir are thus placed as it were between two organs.

This instrument, the bellows of which covers eighty square feet, is of itself a curiosity, has great capacity, and consists of a great organ, swell organ, choir and pedal organs, with the proper couplings, leaders and valves, and has 40 registers and 1712 pipes; it is played by three banks of manuals, and over two octaves of pedals.

From the singularity of form and position of this organ, it has required great mechanical ingenuity to arrange it several parts, and insure promptness of voice and freedom of touch, with easy action; but the Messrs. Hook have overcome all obstacles, and offer this, their last work, to the congregation and the public, with the full assurance that it is in all respects equal, at least, if not superior, to any one yet put up in this country.

Sept. 23, 1863.

OPERA IN NEW YORK. Of the opening at the Academy the *Sunday Times* says:

It will be good news to Fifth Avenue, and the whole army of white kid glove and opera cloak importers, that nothing has occurred to disturb Mux Maretzek's happy family arrangements; that the magnificent prima donna, Medori, arrived in excellent health; that the serenade in honor of her return passed off beautifully; that, in short, all the preliminaries, having been satisfactorily disposed of, the regular opera season will open on Monday evening, October 5th, under more favorable auspices than any that New York has ever before witnessed. The opening opera will be Donizetti's celebrated "Roberto Devereux," with Medori in her great part of Queen Elizabeth, Mazzoleni as Count of Essex, Mlle. Sulzer as Lady Nottingham, and Bellini as the Duke of Nottingham. Already the box office of the Academy of Music is besieged, and it is safe to predict a most brilliant inauguration, heightened by the presence of all that New York can boast of fashion and beauty. The first opera night will, indeed, most fitly introduce a fashionable season of unusual promise.

A history of the opera in Berlin has been written by Count Camilleon Schneider of Prussia. Here is an extract: "The Berlin opera is a creation of Frederic the Great, and was opened on the 7th of December, 1742, with Graun's "Cesar and Cleopatra."—Graun conducted at the piano. One of the first stars on the stage was the dancer Barbarina, the King's favorite, who afterwards married the Privy Councillor von Coceji, the son of the Chancellor, and died at a very advanced age in 1799, in Silesia, where she had three estates, leaving her entire fortune—100,000 thalers—to an institute for noblemen's daughters."

At the late distribution of prizes at the Brussels conservatory, the successful candidate, Bernard Sternberg, was refused the prize on account of his extreme youth. He is not more than thirteen years old.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Ah! Who can tell how lonely. (Ah! Non pensar che pieno.) Romance from Beatrice di Tenda. 25

Song of Agnese in the well known opera. A varied, rich and pathetic melody, such as we should expect from Bellini, its composer. With Italian and English words.

Wild Shady Wood. (Selva Opaca). 25

Song of the daughter of Gesler in "Guillaume Tell." A splendid and satisfying song to those who can sing it, as also to the auditors. Has Italian, French and English words.

Forward! Onward! Never despair. Henry Russell. 25

One of Russell's brave, manly ballads, with a strong word of cheer to the toiling thousands. A kind of song that does good in the world.

The Weeping Tree. E. B. Brewster. 25

Our war songs increase in number, and at the same time improve in quality. Of this one, the title, alone, renders it worthy of presentation. It has, besides, simple, touching words and melody.

Birds! that in yon pine trees sing. (Vögelein im Tannenwald.) Fr. Alt. 25

The words are by Linley, and fitted very well to the simple and pretty song of the birds, by Alt, who is very apt at doing such things well.

Instrumental Music.

The Sound of Harps. From "Il Polito." C. Grobe. 40

One of the very best songs from the Martyrs, or "Il Polito." Varied in Grobe's well known manner. It is a pleasure to record the appearance of each of these transcriptions, as they render familiar to ordinary players the best works of the masters.

The Shadow Song. (Polka Redowa). J. S. Knight. 25

Mr. K. has put it in the power of every lady to dance with her shadow; so a lady and her shadow, that's two. Two ladies and shadows make four. Four ladies and shadows make enough for a cotillon. As the shadow song can be sung as well as played, there's the music. Any close cut lawn may be the ball-room, and an hour before sunset a good time for the exercise.

Books.

THE MUSICAL LYRA.—A Collection of Glee, Quartets, and new Operatic Choruses, original and selected. By Frederick H. Pease.

Price \$1.00

It is no easy matter for a music teacher to find a good glee book for his choir or advanced singing classes. Some have been used before. Some are too difficult, some too flat, and some have too many old pieces; good of course for beginners in glee singing, but not novel enough for the present purpose. The Musical Lyra is a fresh book. Nearly all the music and words are entirely new. The words are good compositions or well selected; and the writers of the music deserve credit for combining great variety of arrangement, with simple harmony. The pieces from new operas are first rate.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

